

## Who Fell Asleep In

Los Campesinos!

She turned her back on the church and put all her faith in me,  
At the back of the chapel where I taught her to screw and to bl  
aspHEME.

We turned our backs to the church with our trousers around our  
knees,  
While screaming the scriptures, she said I was her favourite he  
resy.

In a note I read: "If you should go blind and deaf,  
I'll cleanse and I'll bathe you and I'll cook for you daily.  
I will take a dry ballpoint pen and trace on your chest  
All of the same conversations that we have now in bed".  
I don't mean to be selfish, but I think I'd sooner just be dead  
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Behind the tennis court, alongside the river, not a single live  
flower to see.

This is the one girl who woke up from all that and now falls as  
leep next to me.

But I swear now, every time that I kiss her, she feels her god  
breathe on her shoulder.

It pains me, but I'm sure she's still yours.

She said she wanted a sea burial, not grass and hypodermics to  
her hips.

I pruned the ivy from your grandmother's tomb,  
More tender and careful than the superstitious  
Ripped you from your mothers womb.

In a note I wrote: "I think too much about the end,  
But being around it made me feel like I'm coping.  
Now when I view the cemetery I don't see headstones, I see  
Rows of engraved milk teeth, hungry, waiting for me".  
And though I am fearful, I think I just crave the relief.

Behind the tennis court, alongside the river, a paper flower's  
still a beautiful thing.

This is the one girl who woke up from all that and now falls as  
leep next to me.

But I swear now, every time that I kiss her, she feels her god  
breathe on her shoulder.

It pains me, but I'm sure she's still yours.